

Rutland County Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT RUTLAND, VERMONT, BY GEORGE H. BEAMAN.

VOLUME 55.

RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD.

TERMS PER YEAR.

To Village subscribers,	250
In cities at the Office,	150
To Mass. subscribers,	125
— who can't afford to pay more,	100
A class of ten or more, and the same price,	100
and so on up to \$1000 per year.	1000
Delivered by Post-Road.	1000
At stations and post-offices, 1000	1000
for three weeks. Then pay one-half, and	500
charge for each subsequent week.	500

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The Old Musician.

BY MRS. E. FELLEY.

The following picture of the last days of a highly gifted artist, whose life had been blighted by disease, offers a lesson that all may try to learn.

In a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin, a poor old man, reading musical notes, sat on a table before him. From time to time he made observations upon a paper upon the margin and edge!

He seemed so faintly occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The lighted room was poorly furnished, and lights eddy by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flinging gloom and fitful shadows on the walls. A few stars glimmered in the gloom; the loose papers fluttered in the windows, shaken by the storm without; the weather-cocks crested as they swung on the roof; and the moaning blast uttered a hoarse, mournful sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the tokens of age and disease. His thin hair was white, his eyes were large and bright, and gleaming with more than I could imagine, as he read the sketches of his life!

It was midnight. From the street could be heard hasty footsteps of death, muffled in mud and confusion, and the wind bore the sound of the "Requiem" from a neighboring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation and listened earnestly.— Presently the door opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The pallor of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy; and his form was even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"You had better go to rest."

"Please, master, I do not need to sleep; I have been trading this legacy of my father. And did you hear that such a father poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four, when I was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that!"

"You cannot evide the question; it preoccupies me; happy. Had I known what I sought, the answer might be—I have lost, and sought, to win the power to show a clear star in the horizon." Sighing, Raphael to me:

"You might be well; that the day we first met, the day I first saw you—in mid-air—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast, I pulled it away, and to you. Live, even if that something but a taste of it! Believe, if thou canst believe, and forget not, but continue to thy fate!"

"You saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not; I suffer too much—but tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work, and the old man, pointing to the inscription, was my father!"

"And have you not torn out the first leaf which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The old Musician."

"They are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated; if I meet such."

"They each answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if thinking for the first time his sunken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—"

"And have you no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh yes, fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

"He drew a red money from his vest pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Good!" exclaimed the old man.

"These are produced a day from the pocket of his coat. You have drunk no wine," he said, in a long while.

Here is some of the best of New Hampshire beer! Is this the best of the new year with you?"

"A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alchemist who had already snatched him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course—'I thank you; but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money.'

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY, 10, 1850.

NUMBER 52

scarred the flesh. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded, and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha, ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing. "It is good for you. Wine is better than Leslie; but to know it the frivolous thing it really is that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations upon a paper upon the margin and edge!

"And how, I pray come you by such

I shall my work to a spendthrift lord, travel through the city?"

"It is a pity you had not a *repose*, for your work will never become known, thus disposed of."

"Ay, but how much is lost that devotes to ruined! Those sketches survive seven years of more than

I thought, when the work was finished, the artist would at least deck the boudoirs of the dead. Dreams, fantasies, tokens of age and disease. Has this snow-white locks fell back from his pate; but his eyes were large and bright, and gleaming with more than I could imagine, as he read the sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. Lessing who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honor!' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying 'The highest must grovel with the worm!'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion for my art! The beauty of woman moved me but, with the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade myself to the van rabbit; must paint apish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by me; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself at five and twenty wherefore have I lived?"

"Live, you will find the answer,"

"They confound it—at seventy-four! You cannot evide the question; it preoccupies me; happy. Had I known what I sought, the answer might be—I have lost, and sought, to win the power to show a clear star in the horizon." Sighing, Raphael to me:

"It is time now to go; my friend; the company are dispersing; I will send my boy home with you."

"That was admirable music!" cried the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the laquey. "All you heard, though, was composed by the same master as myself."

"Have no fear of that old friend!—We are both too near a sure harbor!"—Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Harp to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are axed like the ancient Gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at the gods, who rejoice in their being.—Drink as I do! Well yonder is your bed; and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

The first beams of the sun panted into the chamber, and awoke the old man. It was a clear and cold morning; the air was keen and bracing, the sky blue and cloudless, and the frost had wrought delicate tracery on the panes.

The old man looked out of the window for a while, then went to awake his young companion. And the hand that lay upon the bed-clothes was cold and stiff. Theodore's sorrows were ended. The spirit so nobly endowed had broken in the struggle with death.

Long did the old man gaze upon the pale young man, his features working with intense emotion. His last stay was broken; his only friend had departed; he was alone and forsaken in the world.

He sat down by the body, and remained motionless the whole day. As night came on, the woman who kept the house came to deliver a message to the master, in which were performed your late composition. I will not conceal from you my name; I am

FRIEDEMANN Bach."

Numann stood purified without sin.

"The old man and Theodore had

lived together nearly two years.

The old man turned away with a

shoulder, for recollections of pain

Patte were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses

from the cupboard, drew another chair to the table, sat down, while he

the landlady, who saw that what

Theodore left would not last long;

he went to the overseer of the poor,

house and seek an asylum.

He repeated the idea, and answered, 'No, I will

go to Hamburg.'

"To Hamburg!" repeated the woman.

"That you cannot do. Hamburg is

long way from Berlin, and before you

reached there you would be on another

journey."

But the next day the old man seemed

to have forgotten his purpose.

As coming to his senses before he met

his young friend, he wandered

through the streets of Berlin, stop-

ping to listen whenever he heard

music. Sometimes he would go into

the houses, being seldom prevented;

for many remembered the Old Musi-

cian, whom they had concluded dead,

and were glad to see him once more.

As he wandered, one evening, thro'

the streets, he stopped in front of a

palace brilliantly illuminated, from

which came the sound of music. He

walked up to the door, according to his

want, but the Swiss porter pushed

him rudely back; so he stood without

and listened, and, in spite of the cut-

ting night wind, continued to stand and listen, murmuring often expressions of pleasure and admiration.

A laquey in rich livery, running

own steps, encountered the old man

and cried in surprise, 'Ha! is that

you again, Old Musician?' It is long

since I have seen you. But why do

you stand there shivering in the cold?

"The Swiss would not let me pass,"

answered the old man.

"The Swiss is a shadow-pate. Nev-

er heed, old friend, but come in with

me, and I will bring you a glass of

wine to thaw your old bones. My

lord gives a grand concert!" And he

led the old man up the steps, saying

to the porter, 'You must never hinder

him from coming in; it is no 'beggar,'

but the old musician. He comes to

hear the music, and my lord has given

orders that he shall always be permit-

ted to enter."

The laquey led the old man to a

seat near the fire in the anteroom,

and drew a folding screen before him.

'Keep yourself quiet, my good friend,' he said; 'you are out of view here, and yet can hear everything. I will fetch

you a glass of wine presently.'

The old man sat still and listened

to the music in the saloon; it thrilled

in his numbed heart. He remained

the many hours, till the laquey

had frequently visited him in his

corner, came and said:

"It is time now to go; my friend; the

company are dispersing; I will send

my boy home with you."

Mendelssohn and Numann left the

house in silence.

CARD TABLE SIGNALS.—Theo-

dore Hook's code of card table signals,

in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gu-